

lasts only while food lasts; food is God on
earth. The
sage describes good and bad men at some
length. The
companionship of the good is pleasing as
drinking
honey. The companionship of the bad is
like playing
in ditch water. To move with those who
know is like
eating sugar; to move with him who
asserts what
does not exist is like butting against
stone. Wheti
good men die, the angels weep; when a
bad man dies
it is like the disappearance of itches from
one's body.
Wary as the tongue between two rows of
teeth will
the good man stay among bad men. By
moving
among the good a thief will become honest.
An inno-
cent man moving among rogues will become
the veriest
rogue by influence. Give anything and get
the friend-
ship of a wise man; as for the fool give
him a piece
of gold and get rid of him. Good men do
not die in
death. They are the immortals of the world
to come;
they purify. Say not of them that they
are dead.
Like the mother that bore you it is they
that will take
you up. The speech of true men is the
true sacred
stream, so too the deeds of the good and
the com-
panionship of the truly noble. What kind
of sacred
stream is the stream of flowing water?
Sarvajna preaches the need for facing
life. When
you fear evil, do not run to the wood nor
become
abject with terror. Is there a world
which destiny
does not know? He teaches us that a man
prescribes
the future for himself by his present

conduct. Like
the mother who takes up the child which
is in play
and grves it suck, man's past life keeps up
with him
and holds him and feeds him. Of wealth
he spoke
with deep wisdom. Wealth will go of
itself for one